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THE

SABBATH-BREAKER RECLAIMED;

OR

THE PLEASING HISTORY

OF

THOMAS BROWN.

PRESENTED BY

JAMES KEITH

STELLARTON, N. S.

1880.

A COPY OF WHICH HAS BEEN RETAINED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

INSTITUTED 1799.

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HISTORY

OF

THOMAS BROWN.

ON a fine Sabbath morn, in the sweet month of May,
When the hawthorn in blossom was seen ;
When perfumes filled the air, and all nature look'd gay,
And the fields wore a livery of green :—

Thomas said to his wife, The morning is fine.
Then let us walk out at our leisure ;
I have worked all the week, recreation we'll seek.
And the fields will afford us much pleasure.

Said his wife, " All our clothes are both dirty and torn,
Which will set decent people a talking ;
I shall feel much ashamed, and we both shall be blamed
By those we may meet as we're walking."

The birds and the cattle, says Thomas, you know.
Dress all alike, void of care ;
Let us follow their plan, be as blithe as we can,
And *not* make things worse than they are.

" They can't well be worse, for at home or abroad,
We've nothing for dinner to-day ;

2289

Our money's all gone, and credit we've none,
So e'en let us do as you say."

They lock'd up their house, and their children they took,
Unhappy at home or abroad ;
And away they all went, (t'was a Sabbath mispent)
For the chance of the fields or the roads.

Not long they had walked,when a neighbour they met,
And they tried his attention to shun ;
But he saw them so plain, to escape him was vain,
And thus to discourse he begun :

" Where have you been wandering about, Thomas Brown,
In your jacket so out of repair ?"
A rambling I've been, o'er the meadows so green
And I work in the jacket I wear.

" But do you not hear the church bell, Thomas Brown ?
Oh ! why not the Sabbath regard !"
We a living must seek and we work all the week :
If we can't enjoy Sunday 'tis hard !

" But what could your work do for you, Thomas Brown,
Were you not by your Maker befriended ?"—
Why that I don't know,—if to church we should go.
Perhaps matters would not be much mended.

" What I say I intend for your good, Thomas Brown,
And your friend am desirous to be !"—
Why that I suppose, or your time you'd not lose,
To discourse with a poor man like me.

" This world is fast hastening away Thomas Brown,
And short are the pleasures of man ;"—
Thon there's no time to spare, let us drive away care,
And merrily live while we can

" But what when this world you shall leave, Thomas Brown
If your soul in dread torments should lie ?"—
Why that to be sure, would be hard to endure.
But I cannot well help it, not I.

" Yet the wretch under sentence of death, Thomas Brown,
Would be glad for a pardon to run !"—
Why, yes, so would I, if condemned to die ;
But I know not what harm I have done.

" The Bible will tell you your sins, Thomas Brown,
And a Saviour will bring to your view "—
The learn'd there may look, but I can't read the book ;
It may, or it may not be true.

" Hie away to the church on the hill, Thomas Brown,
For if you can't read you can hear."—
The man with the band I shall not understand ;
The rich and the wise may go there.

" The Gospel is preach'd to the poor, Thomas Brown,
And would lighten your cares, do not doubt it."
You speak like a friend, but I do not intend
To trouble myself much about it.

" Could I tell you where treasure is hid, Thomas Brown,
You would spare neither labour nor pains."—
In that you are right ; I would dig day and night,
And merrily live on my gains.

" But what, should you gain the whole world, Thomas Brown,
And lose your own soul, at the last ?"—
Why, my courage would cool ; I should then prove a fool,
And sorely repent of the past.

" Seek in time for the kingdom of God, Thomas Brown,
And your pleasures will never decay."—
I feel half inclined to become of your mind,
And I hope I shall do as you say.

"May the God of all peace give you grace, Thomas Brown.
In his fear and his favor to dwell."—
Your wish is most kind, I shall bear it in mind;
And so for the present farewell.

SECOND DIALOGUE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"Whither go you so clean and well clad, Thomas Brown?
For your jacket's a new one I see."—
Sir, I go with good will, to the church on the hill
To thank God for his goodness to me.

"To hear this, it does my heart good, Thomas Brown,
And I hope you'll continue to go."—
This, sir, I intend; and as you are my friend,
You'll be pleased something further to know:

When, after our converse, I first went to church,
I remember'd the days of my folly,
When I heard them at prayer, I thought God must be there
And the place appear'd solemn and holy.

The prayers being over, then sweetly they sung;
I felt glad that I had gone in;
The sermon came next, and this was the text,
"That death is the wages of sin."

The minister told us, that all wicked men
Who the paths of iniquity trod,
Would be turn'd into hell, in darkness to dwell,
And all people forgetting their God.

I listen'd awhile, and felt struck with fear,
A cloud seem'd to hang over my head,
A tear stood in my eye, and I could not tell why,
But my heart was as heavy as lead.

On the morrow I spake of what I had heard,
While my shopmates were laughing and lazy,
And I should have said more, but they set up a roar,
And cried out, "Tom Brown is gone crazy!"

Then I laugh'd and I sung with the best of them all,
And tried to forget what had pass'd;
But I thought in my mind, shall I good in this find,
If I lose my own soul at the last?

So again the next Suuday I went to the church,
Though my shopmates all joined to upbraid;
For I thought, why should I fear a man that will die,
More than Him by whom all things were made?

The minister spake so loud and so plain
That the poorest might well understand;
"Repent ye," said he, and seem'd pointing at me,
"For the kingdom of God is at hand"

I felt myself vile as he told me my sins;
That he knew them I could not well doubt it;
For it came in my head, what to you I had said,
And I thought you had told all about it.

When I heard what my Saviour had suffer'd, I wept;
How He groan'd and He died on the tree;
But O, the blest hour! for the word came with power,
And I knew that He suffer'd for me.

Thus God has dealt with me, and thus has been pleased
His great goodness and grace to impart;
It was terror and dread, that first bowed down my head,
But 'twas mercy that melted my heart.

Every week from my wages a sixpence I spare,
A Bible to buy, for I need it;
And when time I can spare, to a friend I repair,
Who has promised to teach me to read it;

And you, sir, have been a most kind friend to me;
This I own, though I cannot repay;
But yet there is One, who this kindness will own
At the last and the great judgment day.

For myself, as becomes a poor, weak, sinful man,
I will pray for support from on high;
To walk in God's ways, my Saviour to praise,
And to trust in His grace till I die.

And though poor and unwise in the ways of the world,
I believe in the truth of God's Word,
That *true riches* are they, which will not pass away,
And *true wisdom*, the fear of the Lord.

S. M. Mackenzie, Printer.